



Eliza



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COURANT

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Loose your doubts and
Tell no lies
Only the poppies
And dragon flies
Can whisper and wimper
And scatter their lives
To tickle the wind
And pepper the skies

VOL. 1.

NO. 1.

THE

Abbott Courant,

FOR THE

Summer Term, 1873.

Andover :

PUBLISHED BY THE ABBOTT ACADEMY.

M D CCCLXXIII.

Vermont Hillside

Greening
in fervent passion
the low, ruddy, rolling, rise and fall of sea-form hills
white-capped with the jutting stone
churned by browning bush

leaps
catching itself in the red-brick-tavern shades
leveling higher; drawing the line between forest's scenting
spray and valley's blinding tones
this red that silently resounds; a siren, drawing me towards the fire

above it all
the turtle-green blends dark and low
haunting its misty moors of mountain pines
ghostly forms in upward flow
escaping the reality of the darkness below
trees become indistinguishable as they blend in the cold colorwheel
cycle of green becoming blue absorbing brown fading black

the mountain in abruptness becomes again a sailing sea
overladen in the dips and droles coloring clouds
feeling the soft salt spray as it echoes from within the belly of
subtle form

drifting
carrying my eyes until again they come to rest in dreams

We usually took the Metro when we wanted to go somewhere because that was one of the best parts about living in the city. The ideal time to ride it was just before the siesta, when everyone went home for lunch. At that time one couldn't possibly avoid getting completely submerged by the Spanish culture. People are in their best humor and it's so crowded that everyone but tired mothers and old ladies and drunken men has to stand in the aisle, all squished together as one. There is always someone who just makes it as the metro pulls out, and everyone except the stuffy businessmen buried in their newspapers smiles a congratulatory smile to his perspiring face as he wipes it with his white handkerchief. The car takes a great lurch forward and we're all on our way, swaying back and forth. Sometimes it will stop suddenly and it's too bad for you if you're not holding on to the arm of your companion. Of course, you're tossed about anyway by the people who haven't got anything to hold onto because they can't help it. Everyone is quiet but happy in anticipation of the big meal. That is, mostly everyone. Sue and I could rarely resist the temptation to astound our fellow passengers, and being unwilling to be recognized as Americans we would speak in the obble language, which sounds like maybe Russian but rounder and even less intelligible. As I recall it involved adding obble to the first letter of every word. Sue was much better at it than I was because she's been using it ever since fourth grade to boggle her teachers.

Often when we wandered the city together we'd get the urge to run and run and run, arms linked, hair blowing in the breeze from the port; both laughing. I think we must have done it just to see the reactions of the Spaniards. Gray-haired women in black stare, their tired wrinkled elephant faces strained from a day's worth of shopping, muttering to themselves as they go. Little girls, holding tight to their mother's hand look up at us in wonder, and say loudly, See, Mama, how they run in the street. Mama pulls them along, explaining as they go that they were not from Spain and they didn't know how *senoritas* should act. We were unmistakably foreign. Tall girls were rare in Spain, and Sue's light features attracted many a curious eye. Men in tight pants and transparent pink shirts unbuttoned to their navels followed us, calling, "Americanas, we espeaka dee Eenglish. Come danzeeng weeth us."

We walked on, peering into the windows of cobblersshops and bookshops and twineshops and bars. And a bakery-yogurt-chocolate-candy shop with warm-from-the-oven donuts and croissants and danon yogurts calling us from the trays in the window. We walked down a little back street with sidewalks so narrow that you had to scrunch up against the tiled walls to let someone pass. We came upon a small open grocery store, not the big impersonal shiny linoleum-floored ones with gaping metal shopping carts on wheels that never stop rolling. This one was

different. There were sausages and dried peppers and cheeses hanging above us, and there was a special place for milk, unrefrigerated because that's the only kind of milk there is in Spain. It's always sitting on the plastic tableclothed table with the wine and oil and vinegar. In the corner, behind the meats there lay the most wonderful assortment of fruits. Besides the everyday apples and bananas and bright red-orange oranges there were smooth white melons and deep red cherries in a wooden crate and . . . pomegranates. Sue let out a squeal of joy. Oh, Ellen, do you know what those are? We must get one. I can't resist. John bought me one in the very beginning and I've been looking for them ever since! She pulled out her little brown leather purse and chose the biggest, reddest pomegranate in the pile. Her excitement had aroused the attention of the shop keeper and he stood by us with great curiosity while she made the decision. She handed the large hard fruit to him very carefully, and he smiled and brought it over to the scales that were hanging by the door. His round cheeks got even rounder with pleasure in the interest we'd shown in his prized fruits, and he said, that'll be only eight little pesetas for two beautiful señoritas. Thank you very much, and may you have a good day. We thanked him and grinned back and walked out slowly, being careful not to bump the hanging goods.

We continued on our way, in search of the perfect place to eat a pomegranate, past more bookshops and jewelry stores and news-stands and paper stores until we came to a park where only the sound of laughing children could be heard. Climbing over hopscotch games and garages in the sand we sat down on a green wooden bench under a palm tree and Sue brought out the red fruit and unhooked her pocket knife from her belt loop and split it in half very carefully. She cautiously plucked a small, almost round, shiny red berry. Open your mouth, she said, and she popped it in. It was a new and unfamiliar taste to me, so smooth and juicy and sweet. How do you like it, she asked me with a sparkle in her eye. She knew I'd like it because we always like the same things, so I just licked my lips. She handed me half of the pomegranate and told me to be very careful not to eat the white part because it was bitter.



I think when I'm older, I'll be like a dead gourd
All dried up and faded, with dead dried up seeds
I soon will not hear the sound of the rattle
Which unplanted seeds might make from within.

I think when you're older, you'll be rather different
I think you'll remind me of yellowing print
Which is brittle and breaks with the turn of a page
With little respect for what has been said.

My happy man sits on a wicker rolling chair, only to lie still. Has the morning come yet? No, he feels not. Ah, his bottle, it is here; liquidy and deliciously pure. He pours a glass of tarnished brown brandy - whiskey (it does not matter), which flows to the groggy, but to the supposedly stimulated intestines of moving film. Can he wait til it hits the pit. His body shaking and withdrawn; to laugh, if only he could, but that liquid is so tasty.

The glass is short and piggish with bits of perfuming particles and beads, new and past. His hands play and fondle this glass.

His crystal cut eyes follow the reflecting melody of his fret. The feet are large and clumsy, yet narrow. They seemed to be planted firmly upon the wooden floor, but his dribbling shoelaces are only a whisper to the folding pants of shadows, for his body is lithe and has a huge socket of plungers. His shirt reaped from buttons, bears this instrument, a function of gluttony. The top is a metallic ball, bobbling up and down to swallow. The lips are crusty; they do not savor the taste. The teeth are gnawed out, hollow, and the tongue poreless, nonfiltrating, but they ask for one more tide pool.

His bed is unsheathed gray, just waits for a single luminous tone. My happy man sits on a wicker rolling chair, only to lie still.



Steak House - Peter Stapleton

King Lion

Order, please. Can I have order? I'd like to call this segment of the meeting to order. C'n I have your attention please? I have a number of announcements for the fellow Lions here today, and we want to be sure to include 'em all 'for SOME of us have to get back to work. Notice I said Some.

Now today we're honored to have several distinguished guests here with us that we wanna recanize and give 'em a little round of applause and recognition an' show we're pleased to have 'em with us.

Firstly I'd like to recognize one of our most distinguished citizens who's just been named to an important office. I'm sure we're all gonna be seein' a lot of him in the next few months. As you know Meriwether has been getting set to celebrate its sesquicentennial next year. This is gonna be a very big and patriotic event I'm sure everyone of us is looking forward to. We all know that Meriwether's a Community on the Move like Jake Morley keeps tellin' us over't the Chamber of Commerce, but we know too that we got a fine history behind us as well we can all be proud of. Well this celebration's gonna give us some of that emphasis with, I understand, some parades and pageants and a lotta carrying on. Well, anyway, we got a committee now's gonna start planning this very important event in our community, and today we're very proud to have with us the newly appointed Chairman of that Committee. He's a man we've all known a long time, and we all respect and admire him, and we're real pleased he's gonna be running this grand sesquicentennial celebration. Would you all give us a big hand for guest today retired Brigadier General Moses A. Teezevant! Yessir, General it's good to see you at our meeting today. We hope you'll keep on coming to join us an' let us know if you need any help on this fine historical event.

Now as you know one of our problems in recent years has had to do with attendance at meetings and collection of dues and fines. Now our tail-twister over here he does a fine job of collecting for some of the little slips that happen here at some of the luncheons. Hi, Billy! But we wanna make sure that our Den keeps on attracting the high calibre individual our Organization stands for. Now this is particularly true when we're talkin' about attracting the Young People and giving them a place at meetings. Well that brings me to introducing our next guest. He's up here at the head table, and I'll know you'll wanna greet him as Cub Lion Beverly Wicks. Beverly's a key athlete over't the High School, and he's also on the

debating team, and the Future Farmers. We chose him to come and join us here today so he could meet us and we could meet him and let him carry back some of his experience here to his classmates. It's young men like Beverly that are the future strength of the nation, and we're surely glad to have him with us today. Let's give Beverly a good round of welcome.

Last but not least now on our list of distinguished visitors is a visiting school principal. He comes from Boston actually, and you know that's a part of the country I've been trina' sell to Canada for years, but anyways he's come down here to visit our Day School and fill in for Lion Sweitzer while Lion Sweitzer's up there in Boston telling them how to do things. By the way I'm all sure you'll be most gratified to hear that Lion Sweitzer's had an honor in the last two weeks. He's been selected by the Jaycees as Young Educator of the Year. Yes, indeed. Anyway we're glad to have new folks coming around and we hope you'll come back real soon.

Finally in conclusion, I'd like to tell you a little bit about next week. Lion Herbert's been doing an outstanding job as our program chairman this year as I'm sure you are already aware of. At next week's meeting he's gone to special trouble to bring us in a real fine speaker to address our meeting here at the Steak House. At that time we'll be having Mr. Reg Walaburton from the Y.M.C.A. fitness program. I'm sure we all know how important this program is to our community's health and fitness. Reg's got some fine businessmen athletes down there. I guess maybe some of our brother Lions are enrolled too, though I can't think of who just here at this particular meeting. Anyway, Reg is gonna talk to us about jogging and its importance as a hobby and a sport. This isn't a topic you get to hear about too often from a pro like Reg, so I'm sure we'll all want to be right here for that special event in our calendar which promises to be entertaining as well as educational.

Now if there's no other announcements we'll stand and sing America before we adjourn.



“You’ve got to treat him like a human.”

“What do you want me to do, slap him across the face and tell him he’s a son of a bitch?”

“Does that make him human?”

“No. . . it makes him a goddam son of a bitch.”

“Well, is he?”

“No! . . . yes . . . yes, because he’s human and I love him.”

“You love him because he’s a son of a bitch?”

“I don’t care if he’s the son of a bitch or the son of God, I love him and that makes him human!”

“Do you believe he loves you?”

“Yes.”

“That makes him human.”

“ . . . or the son of God . . . ”

I am now just giddy enough to write my dream and my mind is loose, and mmm, yes, head, stop blinking around and flashing me all your opinions, because they just are not cohesive enough to present.

Pick-pock, pick, pock pick pockety pock pock pock, that is somebody playing on the tennis courts. That sound is pretty nice, and hitting that ball is very nice, and I know who's playing, and he has never let me play tennis with him, and I want to play. Gotta put on my tennis shoes, so I'll go into this house, which I know is my house, though my parents have never lived in it with me, and I've never seen it, but there are some very friendly people in it. None of that attracts me the way he does, and so I've got to find my tennis shoes. So I walk on to this lovely sunporch, where I recognize my lovely, lazy, unmade bed. No, bed, sorry I am going to get my tennis shoes, because the pick-pock is picking up, and there is nothing I'd rather do. I've never played with him before, and there's never been a game like this one is going to be. Hello, friends, you're all people I like to see, no, I want no tea, have you seen my tennis shoes?

No response, and they are unconcerned by my search, so I'll find them myself. Soon my game will start, those damn shoes are nowhere-though perhaps-and I go out to check that sunshiney porch, because it looks like a fun place to play, and perhaps tennis shoes like to jump into the drops of sunshine that squeeze between the leaves, which move constantly, trying to protect the persian rug from fading. It's a lovely dark red which teases the sunlight, and that sunlight hasn't done any harm to the rug that I can see. All very pretty pictures, but I now see everyone, including the persian rug is teasing me out of playing. And I am furious. No one is helping me. The pick-pock has stopped, and I cry into the shoulder of my soft rumply bed, which gives me sleep to play with. The tennis player returns and has tea with my friends, and he comes and lies on my bed with me, but I don't want him like that, because when I ask him to help me find my tennis shoes, he rolls over, and kisses my shoulder, and thinks I will forget.



There are two loves,
Love for humanity and love for a loved un.
My loved un loves an occasional pat on the back,
And loves to be told to be happy,
And loves to nurse flowers,
And loves to talk,
And never talks of love.

I

evil clowns
of satiric souls and edged laughter
swaggered in
and raped the town.
they stole down the alleys of the peoples' minds
and into the back doors of their fear
the clowns grinned and jested horror
their razor blade laughter slit the veins of true joy
in the town
they smiled poison into pure water
and befouled the food
they stole into the dreams of the people
and twisted them into nightmares
of white painted faces
red bulbous noses
and terror filled grins
the river ran brackish and golden green trees
were distorted into deformed black limbs
without bodies
clawing for the sky
a crimson, the crawling old age
of the yellowy dancing sun of yesterday
sank across the dirty sky without spirit.
and the clowns rejoiced and giggled
behind their garish costumes and white faces.

II

fear constantly screamed along the wires
in the spine of the people
and horror seeped in to the mind.
the town drunk
quietly drowned the leering clowns
in wet sticky nightmares
floating in his private sea of oblivion
the hollow judge with his echoing courtroom
withered and died
his coffin lawbooks
and his mallet was the neglected cross
no flower on his grave
the people thought for their own fear.
the law was now only the whispering
of dry brown leaves
soon to be blown away by the winter breath
of the clowns
the town justice was enforced
by a jury of jesters who shouted merry murder.
the clowns unlocked hallowed doors
and threw mud at the holiness inside.
they shrieked with delight
and danced in the debris
their caravan became bright blood red
stained in jagged splotches
with brown greed.

III

the town began to disintegrate
under the merciless whipping
the rags of the town's spirit fluttered
hopelessly in the biting wind
a sweet virgin no longer
the people are stones
squeezed of blood
night closes on the town like a steel glove
and the sky dropped its suffocating black
over the charred and shriveled buildings
over the people pale with empty numb fear
the clowns' mockery
oozed to the depths of the people
and turned the fluid of their image
bitter as gall
and fragile as pale blue shells
total eclipse is imminent
and in its place
a shabby peace
for the judge entombed in his musty books
for them all outside their cringing spirits.
the end of the last night
of the last hour
of the last minute
was coming, heralded
bye the booming boredom
of the evil clowns
they left to gash and scar their way across
another country
in elsewhere
they left by the only passage out
in a solid wall of hopeless stares.



Folly Amuses Wisdom
Youth Confuses Itself
Beauty Disturbs Tradition
Abbot Disrobes Truth
Folly Seduces Fools

Youth Amuses P.A.
Beauty Confuses Wisdom
Abbot Disturbs Itself
Folly Disrobes Tradition
Youth Seduces Truth

Beauty Amuses Fools
Abbot Confuses P.A.
Folly Disturbs Wisdom
Youth Disrobes Itself
Beauty Seduces Tradition

Abbot Amuses Truth
Folly Confuses Fools
Youth Disturbs P.A.
Beauty Disrobes Wisdom
Abbot Seduces Itself

Folly Amuses Tradition
Youth Confuses Truth
Beauty Disturbs Fools
Abbot Disrobes P.A.
Folly Seduces Wisdom

Youth Amuses Itself
Beauty Confuses Tradition
Abbot Disturbs Truth
Folly Disrobes Fools
Youth Seduces P.A.

Beauty Amuses Wisdom
Abbot Confuses Itself
Folly Disturbs Tradition
Youth Disrobes Truth
Beauty Seduces Fools

Abbot Amuses P.A.
Folly Confuses Wisdom
Youth Disturbs Itself
Beauty Disrobes Tradition
Abbot Seduces Truth

Folly Amuses Fools
Youth Confuses P.A.
Beauty Disturbs Wisdom
Abbot Disrobes Itself
Folly Seduces Tradition

Youth Amuses Truth
Beauty Confuses Fools
Abbot Disburbs P.A.
Folly Disrobes Wisdom
Youth Seduces Itself

Beauty Amuses Tradition
Abbot Confuses Truth
Folly Disturbs Fools
Youth Disrobes P.A.
Beauty Seduces Wisdom

Abbot Amuses Itself
Folly Confuses Tradition
Youth Disturbs Truth
Beauty Disrobes Fools
Abbot Seduces P.A.

Folly Amuses Wisdom

sgp
10/30/72



Endymion

The crystal moon,
Smiling her strange,
Wide-eyed smile,
Resting in the filigree
Of branches;
She weaves in the sky a sheen
Of gossamer, embroidered
With the dark leaves.
The moist stars
Glimmer around her in the darkness, as
She swells the night with
Her silent symphony.
She etches the black shadow of branches
Into the glittering snow;
She pales the blades of grass,
And turns the dewdrops at their tips
To trembling gems.
The splayed mountain peaks,
Cloaked in her cold splendor,
Float in the black sea of night;
The quiet stream
Is a mirror of obsidian
Under her gaze.
She kneads the ocean gently,
Causing it to flow and ebb,
Rise and fall,
Like a breathing animal,
Deep in a dreamful sleep.
And she caresses with her hands
The mist that sighs
Over the silver'd sands.
She touches the horse's dark hide
With sliding, taper'd light,
And makes his mane a living wave
That billows in the night breeze.
The shuddering aspen leaves
She vains with silver,

And silvers the upturned pinions
Of the nighthawk
As, swift and silent,
He pursues the translucence of a white moth.
She whispers her sweet madness to the wolf,
Her urgency
To the glass slippered deer.
She pours rippled diamond panes
On the floor
Of the clear-eyed poet,
And from these panes
He fashions the windows of his soul:
Endymion, with the slender hands of a child,
Sweetly sleeping in her love.

swarming black night
swat those buzzing flies
away; far away.
chase them into dark deep corners,
then,
open wide the gentle winds
to flights of butterflies
to drift
through flowers of my head,
the moment of honey pleasure.
then
leave me to sleep
alone
but not untouched.





A Pantomime

Stage: table and chair, very plain, candle on table, dim light.

Man enters. Goes to table and sits down in chair. He reflects, then lights candle.

He sits, intently watching patterns that the candle is forming on the wall.

Smile slowly forms on his face. A picture forms. Tall grass is seen being blown by wind. A grasshopper is on a blade of grass, his body in motion with the grass. A line comes out of the grass's depth and sucks in the grasshopper. A toad, brown and warty, with big shiny bug eyes, is pictured.

Man laughs almost madly to himself. Picture becomes wavy and disappears. Man reflects. Another picture starts to form. A lion's face is made out. His eyes are wide and saliva is dripping from his large jowls where a few teeth are visible. He seems to be on a hunt and suddenly charges toward empty space.

From nowhere a gun appears in man's hand. He fires it. A faint moan is heard, then a thud. The picture has disappeared.

The man sits there with sweat dripping from his forehead. He rubs his eyes, then stares at the wall. A lion starts to form again. He fires immediately. An echoing moan is heard. The picture has disappeared.

Man stares wild-eyed at wall, gun cocked in his hand.

Footsteps, having a distinct pause between each step, are heard. A man from a grey background becomes visible. His whole body is like a shadow except for his eyes. They stand out, red, with the glare of the devil in them. The figure walks closer. The man, his eyes glazed, slowly raises the gun with both hands and fires.

Candle goes out and falls to floor. A dim light still shines on the wall where three bullet holes are pictured. One hole drips blood.

Black Out

Character Studies

I

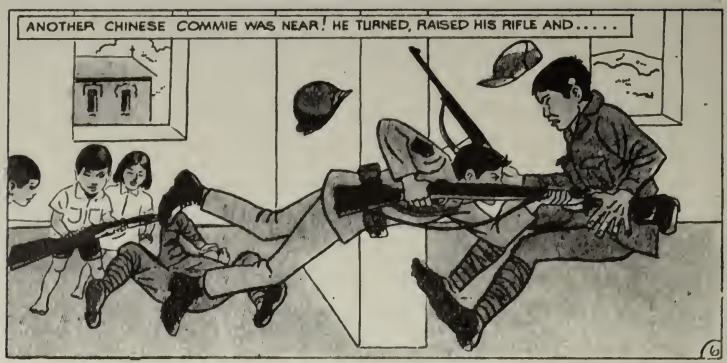
the ripples break the silence of the surface as an oriole
beckons his mate
precious blue, deep soul conscious blue of mountain strength
rustles slightly as a breeze might disturb a silent poplar
tree; Setting it to singing

II

majestic robes of purple trimmed white
upheld in the joyful outburst of autumn in its final
statement before death

III

hillsides
closely resembling a young girl
struggling to reach womanly form
growing and changing ever so slightly
as the ages pass



A message wrought of continuous trials, tribulations, tragedies, trickles, pickles, hitches and stitches of wanderings, as is readily apparent from this most picturesque stationery-the illustrious "Harbor Light", "Trailer Park" - (do not ask how whence we came to this place, my mind is complicated, all things are muddled). I am presently recouping from a delightful hangover, another temptuous episodal delight. Feeling semi-lousy, so not the best time to write, but I suppose any time is as good as any time. Have no idea what the date is. We discovered that it's Sunday because all the super-markets, if you can call them that, were quite closed. Now that I have succeeded in telling you nothing about what is/has happening/happened, I had best begin. From where? Je ne sais pas. Believe it or not, I have been speaking french to a lot of people here. It's really fun(ny). Find myself mixing languages in my head, speaking french to english people, getting generally confused. We hit Canada after a few days here and there --- in puddles of mosquitoes on a sea-cliff; trespassing, rain, rain, insane --- we were rescued in Ellworth by a savior who gave us his house, land, shower (HOT!!), peace and quiet and stereo while he went out to night-school, we split before he and his girlfriend came back, returning to our quiet haven amid fields of mosquitos (in East Sullivan as I recall). Onward to Acadia, embarking on a cosmic orgasm with James MacMalster Whedon -- an organic creature -- into geodesic domes, organic farming, Kundulini Yoga, I Ching, macrobiotics, LSD, an "alone trip", also madly in love with Judith. He's really a nice boy after you get through all that outside shit. He's been through a lot, still lost at 21. His own farm, dome, garden, land, yet no one to share it with. Very lonely. J. and I helped him a lot. He shared our twobody for a night, a squish, and I was somewhat relieved to get rid of him in the morning. Things were just getting too heavy for everybody.

Abigail my dearest so begins the beginning of letter no. 1!?!

this page i started somewhere (time) ago but apparently only got as far as the beginning. Thusly, i begin upon a new place and a new page. Tonite we are mooching off the Canadian Government. Got picked up by these two guys see, Wayne and Jeff, who work in a government forestry, and were on their way to an unknown apartment for a weeks' stay pre-paid as is their gas, food, lodging, etc. Nothing fishy here. Jude's dead tired, we weren't up to another hours' hitch in

the dark to an unknown hostel -- she wouldn't have made it. So here we are, a barrel of laughs - ha ha ha - more like beer beer beer. These guys are perpetual beeries, all they do is drink, smoke and read comics ("Wyatt Earp (his guns are law)", "The Mighty Marvel Western, Rawhide Kid, Kid Colt, Two Gun Kid", and "All New Fightin' Marines" (published in Derby, Conn.) Ya see, they're both on liquid diets to get rid of their beer bellies, Quite Harmless, i assure you (and myself for that matter). Anyway, we're enjoying ourselves here, took a delicious bath in a tub with four little footsies. The guys just joined me at the kitchen table to play cards-crib, it's called. Well, back to more illustrious adventures. The reason page no. 1. was in a lousy mood cause i was marooned two days in a Pictou trailer park, on accounta J. was hot an' heavy into another romance, only this one i could take seriously 'cause i like and respect him tremendously. His name is Raymond, he's 22, rides a motorcycle, looks extremely British, dresses stylishly (green leather jacket, white scarf and goggles). Also quite good-looking. Anyway, they met on the ferry from P.E.I. (Prince Edward Island), split, and then he drove about 50 miles from hostel to trailer park to seek his love. Ah, but it worked out well. An interesting story indeed. This all leads up to the hangover -- we all went to "the hangout", a greasery 50's Pictou spot for FOOD. Great fun. Then decided to hit a late-nite lounge, ended up at the Pictou Lodge, a rustic affair way out in the boondoggies, built of logs, moose head, potted palms and old, old, old bluesy jazz records (which i adore) and my first drink (Tom Collins) in a bar (\$1.50)!!! That was fine. Then J. and Ray disappeared to dig the sand (beach) leaving me to fend off drunken slobes and feel sorry for myself. It's happened before, but this time i was marooned -- stuck -- couldn't risk a ride out with a drunken idiot, or a 2 mile walk down a dark dirt road to hitch the lonesome hiway at 11:35. So i twiddled my thumbs, surveyed the geraniums (not fake) and made friends with a drunken Pictouian named Judy. When Ray 'n J. finally came out of their hole (in the sand), three shooting stars later, my Pal Judy dragged us all in for drinks with rex, sister and brother in law, and other assorted oddities. A little beer and i was far out. Forgot to say that John the bartender, a fat little guy with a long nose, speaks seven languages. He's a sweetie. Anyway we all had quite a few chuckles with Judy, who addressed J. as "my name", and wanted to come with us to Connecticut. She danced with Rex to the Monkees' first album. Finally, at 1:45, we hit that long dirt road back to the long dark hiway. How i made that 2½ miles (at one point collapsed

MULIE DEEGAN WAITED UNTIL THE KIDS WERE ASSEMBLED IN THE CHAPEL FOR 'FISH AND RICE'.



on the yellow line) should remain a mystery to us all. Whenever a car came, we hid. Sure, was fun and the moon made the whole thing worth it. Ray finally left a day later, 5 p.m. today, after a whole day of good-byes, i was ready for them to ride off happily ever after -- they were both upset in leaving -- (by the way, he was recouping from a 3 yr. love affair which came a week within holy matrimony) --- I write so much of Ray because he's been what's happening lately while I've been stuck in Pictou with French poodles and color T.V.'s. Such a relief to be back on the open road. Love those travelin' cliches, that ol' hiway in the wind. One more story for this one, o.k.? Canadians finish every sentence with A ("Where ya goin', A,") or "Is that right?" or "O yeah.". That's not the story, it's a real spine killer, the kind that gets yer gut and spits yer sweat. Well it's a real heavy, and i can't seem to get into writing about it 'cause it seems so silly now, yet at the time

... all right, get on with it. We were trapesing merrily off to Canada via Houlton, Me. The idea traversed our little heads of "customs" and "dope". After several stupid hiding places in J.'s pack, i transferred the cache to the bottom of my brown rice bag, we figured on no hassles from the Canadians (they're so much better about these things, eh?) Well, things started off bad three miles from the border when we got stopped by a friendly police officer for, yes, hitch-hiking. He gave us a warning and offered us a free ride to the border "where we would undergo thorough investigation" A WIZE CHOICE "if you don't have any "stuff".¹ We chickened out, made up some lousy excuses and wandered sadly back to town to further contemplate the issue. The first car i asked (filthy rich old folks) offered us a ride across the border, we figgered no hassles, so hopped in. Not so easy; our friendly hostess complicated the issue by explaining we were hitch-hikers picked up by a policeman. His face dropped, we were rushed out of the car from office to office, pink slip to pink slip, both sweating madly and attempting vague cracks at jokes. J.'s pack was scrutionously dissected down to underpants, shaking out empty pack, analysing vitamin pills, pawing our whole wheat flour, shaking out maps. Me standing in a puddle of paranoia. A sweet young thing was doing my pack and when she got to the mess kit i almost threw up and split to the bathroom and to tell our friendly chauffeurs to forget us permanently. When i came back my pack was finished but J.'s dilligent young man found a few grains in her side pocket, he ushered in the supervisor who confirmed the stuff and marched us back for more,

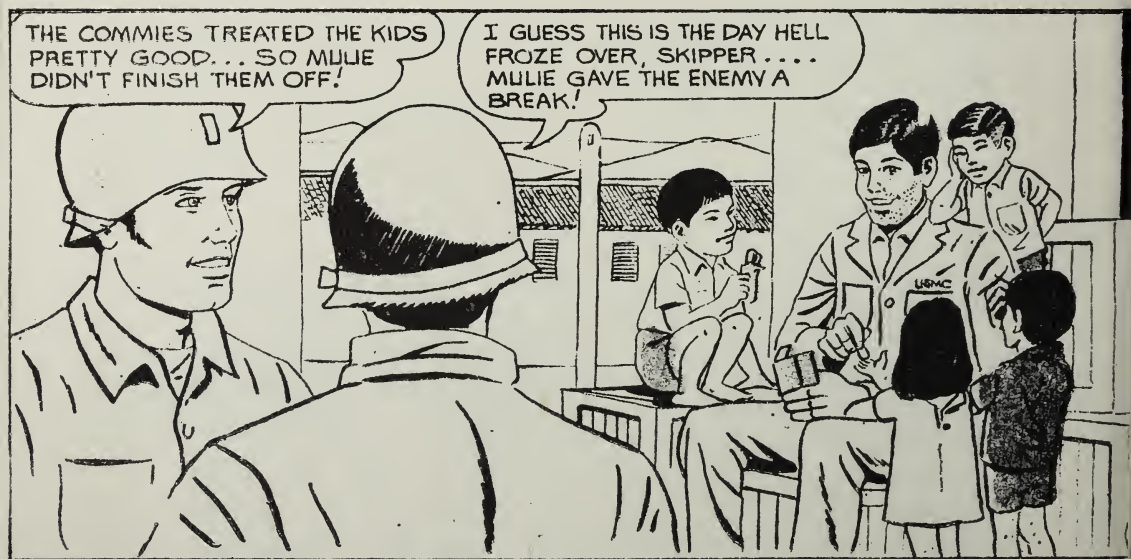
¹. all quotes from F.P.O. (Friendly Police Officer)

or less, pink slips. We were brutally questioned "Where's the stuff?", "Didja flush it down the toilet, huh, didja, huh???" J. made up a story which got us off. At first we were denied entry and officially deported, not allowed entry etc. etc. I was paranoid cause i figgered for sure our packs were being dilligently researched and ramsacked. We ran out of customs, clutching our pink slips, and praising the Lord, or whoever. (\$300 fine for PIPE ALONE!!!!!! YE GADS!!!) How can this horrible gripping fear be communicated ?? And we had to sit and smile through the whole f---ing thing! How did i do it??? Anyway to end this closing vignette, J. said that when she (custom's lady) came to the mess kit she said "What's in there?" J. said "FOOD!!" She sniffed, said "Oh." and put the thing down. Didn't even open the damn thing. Jesus. Summer would have ended right there. Believe me, i was sure we were permanently cooked. Guys we met at Hostel busted at border were jailed six weeks. Trying to raise bail and fine. Ray was jailed six weeks (solitary confinement for refusing to cut hair) for stealing 22 cents worth of butter. Moral of Story: smuggling butter's better (or worse) than dope. Don't try to be sneaky in icky places. Watch those tricky fingers (butter fingers) and keep Cool, all is groovy LOVE DEBSER

P.S. An extra added dividend --
So to them a crumbly po-eme i send
They make me glad
3 cheers for Mom and Dad!
Hip Hip Horay-Woppee Ding Dong
Sing a song, ring a ding the pho-en
for Ma 'n Pa Ow-en
They make me glad
So to them a crumbly po-eme i send
(get it, po-eme?)
To Ho-Ho-Ho-eme

yes, yes-it's too late for this sort of nonsense, the point is, i called the parentskiis today, quite spontaneously, yes sir ee (after WIERD Dreams) to discover their paren(t) (an) oia and iron things out a bit (No scorches). Good, good talk with Mom, o so glad i called-she told me they called Martin, nearly sent out the mounted police even before J. wrote home a thumb-tale, and called all over the country-side. Jeepers Creepers!!! A Shock-croozie but everything's fine now, We had a real good talk. Now time for a snoozie. (An' a bed'll be coozie) To the crux of the Matter --- a big fat thank you to Ma and Pa for saying such nice things about us nice things,

i mean girls. Set my parentanoiaskis at ease for a sneeze. Now it's a breeze. They're neither queezed nor bumming on the thumbing. The hitches are unhatched. The eggshells (placentas?) are split as we breathe the clean (not foul) air of freedom and responsibiliti-he-he- Share this letter if it will make anyone feel any better. Nighty noodle, lost my poodle.



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DOODLE

PAGES



CLUE : THIS IS NOT A MISTAKE!
USE IT TO YOUR BEST ABILITIES.

blend, oh my days, into weeks, months, time to endure
push me, like the strong wind moves the tumbleweed, roll me
past the moment -- it drops back into the brown dust storm
of past, while I go forward, unstopping, unable
to the future

Oh, that I could plant my roots in the soft soil of moment
and feel warm sun, and see the sky



